

Allen E. Nye

Allen E. Nye, age 48, passed away February 20, 1987 in a local hospital from causes incidental to kidney failure.

Born December 22, 1938 in Duchesne, Utah to Erycel and Clara Rhoades Nye. Married Kay Mair, July 11, 1958 in Heber, Utah. Marriage later solemnized in the Salt Lake LDS Temple on November 8, 1980. Active member of the LDS Church. He was a wonderful husband, father, grandfather, son, brother, and friend. He was a machinist and worked for Elmco for 10 years. Also worked as a maintenance supervisor at Kennecott Smelter until his retirement in 1979. He loved the mountains, camping, fishing, hunting, and being with his family.

Survived by parents, Midway, Utah; wife, West Valley; children, Valerie and husband, Tracy Larson, Magna; Gary and wife, Joni Nye, West Jordan; Troy and wife, Cindy Nye, Murray; four grandchildren, Brittany and Bradley Larson, Chelsea and Shawni Nye, brother, Tom Nye, Daniels, Utah; sisters, Norma Lux, Shirlene Richardson, Mary Sweat, Heber City; Jessie Shirk, Oakley, Utah; Susan Kovick, Green River, Wyoming.

Funeral services will be held Monday, 12 noon at the Jordan North 3rd Ward, 3434 West Harmon Drive, (3700 South). Friends may call Sunday 6-8 p.m. at the McDougall Golden Rule Funeral Home, 4330 South Redwood Road, and Monday at the church one hour prior to services. Interment, Valley View Memorial Park.

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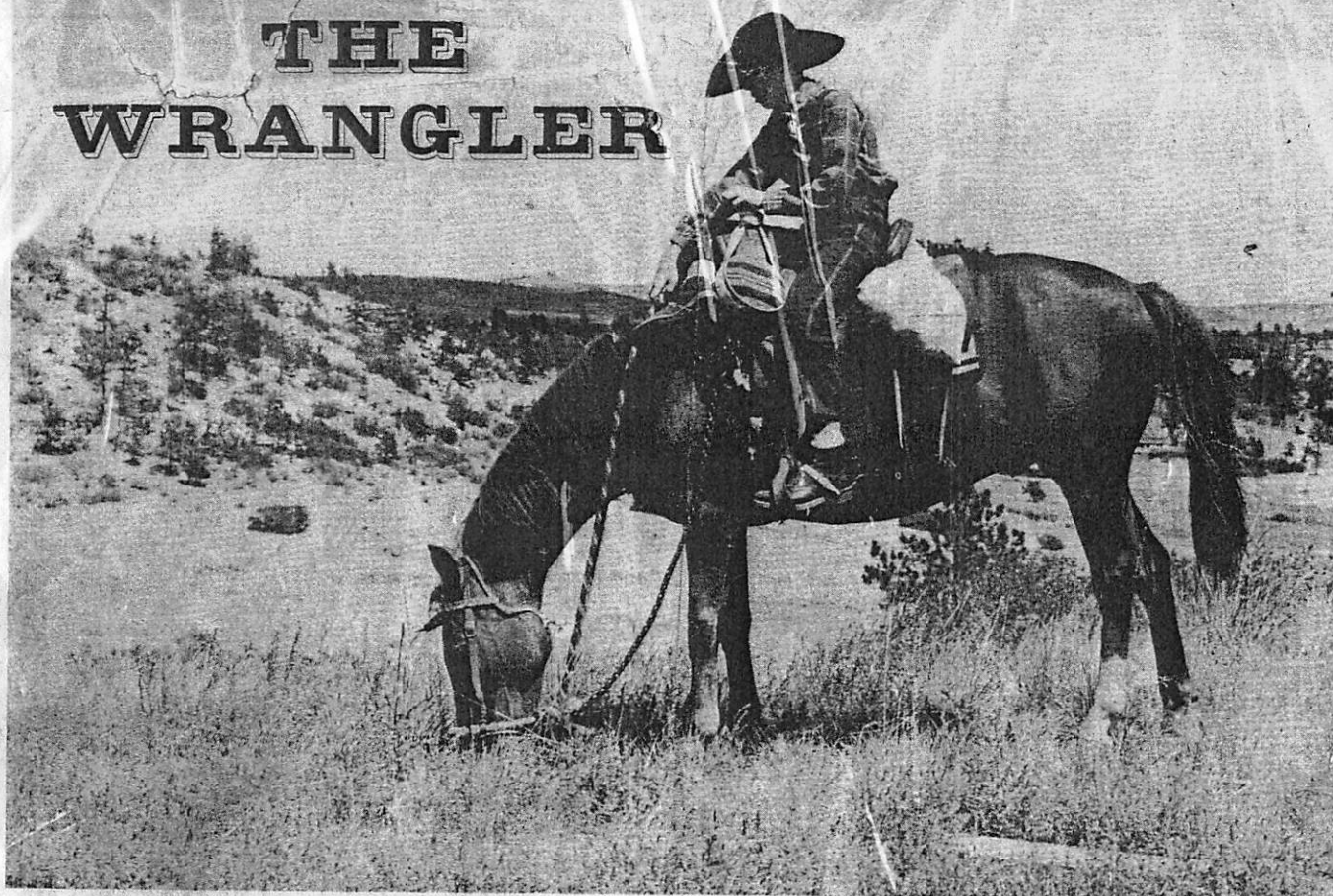
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Funeral services were held Monday, Feb. 23. Interment, Valley View Memorial Park.

LITTLE JOE THE WRANGLER

By N. HOWARD "JACK" THORPE



Oh, Little Joe, the wrangler, will wrangle never more —
His days with the remuda they are o'er.
T'was a year ago last April when he rode up to our herd,
Just a little Texas stray and nothin' more.

It was late in the evening, when he came upon our camp,
On a little Texas pony he called "Chaw."
With his brogan shoes and overalls, a tougher lookin' kid
No one ever in his lifetime really saw.

His saddle was a Texas kak, built many years ago,
And his O.K. spur from one foot lightly swung.
With his hot-roll in a cotton sack, so loosely tied behind,
And his canteen from his saddle-horn was hung.

He said he'd had to leave his home; his paw had married twice,
And his new maw whipped him every day or two —
So he saddled up old Chaw one night, and lit a shuck this way,
And now he's trying to paddle his own canoe.

He said if we would give him work, he'd do the best he could,
Though he didn't know straight up about a cow.
So the boss he kindly put him on, and cut him out a mount,
For we sorta liked that little kid somehow.

Well, he learned to wrangle horses, and to know them all by name,
And to get them in by daylight if he could;
And to follow the chuck wagon, and to always hitch the team,
And to help the cocinero rustle wood.

We was camped down on the Pecos, when the wind began to blow.
We doubled up our guard to hold them tight.
When the Norther came a-roaring, with thunder and with rain,
And the herd stampeded off into the night.

Then midst the streaks of lightning, we could see one horse ahead.
It was little Joe, the wrangler, in the lead.
He was riding old Blue Rocket, with a slicker o'er his head,
And a-trying to check the leaders in their speed.

At last we got them milling, and the danger it was past,
The extry guard back to the camp did go.
Then we noticed one was missing — and we all knew at a glance,
T'was our little Texas stray, poor Wrangler Joe.

Next morning just at daybreak, we found where Rocket fell,
Down in a washout twenty feet below.
Beneath his horse, mashed to a pulp—that spur had rung his knell,
Lay our little Texas stray, poor Wrangler Joe.



Other Nye Families

5-4-2002 rrg